

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

February 1923 "I Serve"





A.M. UPJOHN

A pueblo Indian mother and children at Isleta, New Mexico. The hanging cradle used in this home of original Americans is much like those used by peasants in Rumania. The boy holds a rattle made of a gourd. The inset picture at the bottom is of a little girl who displayed the true Junior spirit (see Page 87)

AMONG THE PUEBLO INDIANS

With Anna Milo Upjohn

IN THE lower left-hand corner of the page opposite is a picture of "little Gertrude," who attends a Government Indian school in Isleta, New Mexico. "Little Gertrude" posed for this picture in order to earn money to subscribe for the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS for her room in school.

The Juniors' own artist, Miss Upjohn, who has done so much through the pages of the NEWS to introduce to American Juniors the girls and boys of other lands, is now visiting Indian Reservations and schools to introduce to them the work of the Junior Red Cross and, through her sketches and stories, to make us all better acquainted with the descendants of the first population of America. She finds these "first Americans" quite eager to establish close relations with their white-skinned brothers and sisters by means of school correspondence. Juniors will be glad to welcome into their ranks the girls and boys of these Indian schools. They will also be interested in Miss Upjohn's account of her visit to Isleta:

"I went there expecting to stay with the school teachers, but finding one of them ill and realizing that I would be the last straw, I set out in search of local color with the result that before evening I found myself installed in an adobe hut with the dearest little old Indian 'squaw' imaginable. My scraps of Spanish stood me in good stead, for she spoke no other language which I knew. All that afternoon she spent scrubbing the floor with delicate brown hands, her wrists gleaming with silver bracelets. Her hair was tied back in a thick club bound with red. Her short black dress was caught over one shoulder, and weighted with coins down one side of the skirt; a mantle of bright print hung down her back and she wore leg-



Indian boys of Taos, New Mexico, practising with their bows and arrows. Taos is 7,000 feet above sea level and in winter is visited by deep snows and cold winds. The three boys standing attend the Government day school. Their names are Star Path, Black Leg, and Running Moccasins

gings and moccasins of white leather. Turquoise rings covered her hands at random. Her eyes were kind, wistful, and exceedingly shrewd. In the matter of price she threw herself on my generosity. We liked each other, but she could have no idea of the delight which she afforded me.

"While she cleaned I sat with my feet on a sheepskin trying to get acquainted, glad to be out of the wind and the dust and near a fire, for there was one in a diminutive stove, on which simmered a pot of black-looking stew. From time to time I was urged to partake of this and of the can of coffee which steamed beside it. My bed was made up with clean blankets but no sheets, and a pillow slip which still bore the store tag to reassure me as to

its freshness. Over all was spread a Navajo blanket as heavy as a carpet. When all was in order, my hostess put the key on my side of the door, and lifting her hands to heaven said, 'Your house!' and then left me alone.

"Evening was coming on. I saw the next-door neighbor go up a ladder to her house roof, there to descend by means of another ladder into her home. I was more advanced, for I had a door, but no window. Two panes of glass in the top part of the door gave light.

"I saw a wedge of wild ducks cross the sky, the dog crawled into the outdoor bake oven for shelter, and the rain began to come down heavily.

"Great puddles filled the courtyard, glimmering in the twilight between the house and the gateway in the low adobe wall enclosing house and sheds. The village was soundless and without a lighted window. I seemed that first night to have dropped out of the world entirely. . . ."

FEBRUARY 22

By JOHN PIERPONT

God of our sires and sons,
Let other Washingtons
Our country bless,
And, like the brave and true,
Of bygone centuries,
Show that true greatness lies
In righteousness.

NEW ALBANIA

By Ambrose Bradley Kelly

"I WILL help my country." He is a little fellow speaking, eleven years old, the baby of the Albanian Vocational School. He is bright, with shiny, dark eyes and clear-cut, good-looking features. He is the eldest of nine children and his father struggles to earn the daily bread for this group by making delicate silver filigree work, so famous in the Balkan States. The day the Tirana school opened its doors to Ndoc, this boy, was a never-to-be-forgotten one to him.

That is the answer one receives from each of the one hundred students of the school when they are asked what they shall do after graduation. Besides, the answer is in good English, showing the result of one year's existence of the school. These boys have as yet little idea of the way in which they will be of help, but the spirit is there, the will to do and above all the great undying love of country—the characteristic so marked in all the one million inhabitants of tiny Albania.

Albania has need of help, too, and is waiting for the first graduation day when the boys of this school will step out as trained carpenters, mechanics, and electricians. The history of this country comprises a centuries-long struggle for independence against the Greek, the Roman, the Slav, the Venetian, and lastly the Turk. Today Albania is free and the early history of our own country is being repeated. There are the Benjamins, the Robert Morrises, the Jeffersons, the George Washingtons, and now must come the Clarks, the Edisons, and the Bells—the inventors and builders.

Albanians are said to be the oldest inhabitants of the Balkan Peninsula. They were called the Pelasgians. In the time of the Roman Empire they were named Illyrians and were conquered by the Romans. Roads, bridges, and churches were built, many signs of which are still to be seen. The highway from Rome to Constantinople passes through Albania. Today one can visit the site of the buried university city of Apollonia, where Cicero studied. Albania is located on the eastern side of the Adriatic, north of Greece and opposite the heel of Italy's boot.

But it is in the fifteenth century that Albania's page in history is brightest. It is the time of the great hero, King Skanderbeg, who successfully fought off the Turkish hordes and aided the Kings of Europe in the Christian Crusades. As a boy Skanderbeg, with his three brothers, was taken hostage by the Sultan Murat of Turkey. The three brothers were executed, but the boy Skanderbeg won the favor of the Sultan by his brightness and was spared. He grew up as the Sultan's favorite and was one of his chief counselors and bravest and most skillful warriors. Under his leadership the Sultan's armies were victorious. However, when the Sultan turned to the west to conquer Albania the spark of loyalty that always burns in an Albanian boy's



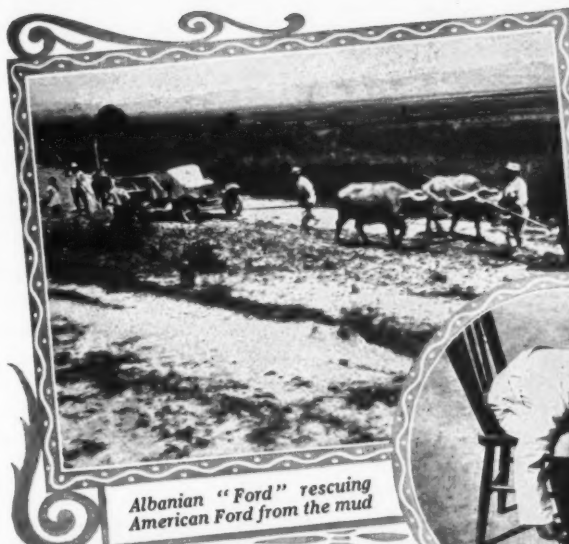
In country districts the Albanians sleep on heavy mats spread on the floor which at least have the advantage of being easily moved from place to place

breast burst into patriotic flame and Skanderbeg quietly bid adieu to his headquarters as Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish armies. He reached his country in time to organize a few thousand fighting men and boys and to swear them by the "besa" to rid their country of the Turk. The Sultan, learning of Skanderbeg's flight, was enraged and now bent all his strength to the conquest of little Albania and the death of Skanderbeg.

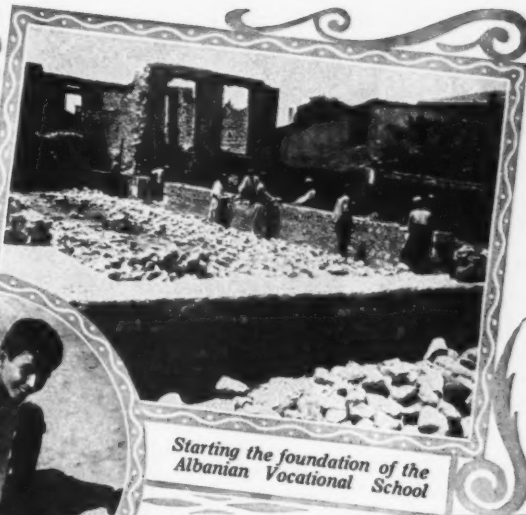
Time and again Skanderbeg defeated and outwitted the Turks with his ragged but fearless and devoted followers, who were defending their homes, their families, and their religion. But when, as an old man, he died, the country was doomed and from the great fortress of Kruja the Albanian flag was hauled down and the banner of the crescent and star of Turkey waved over the country for the next five hundred years.

During this time there was no progress made. The Turkish occupation was as a blight on the country. Today the costumes, the customs, the means of earning a livelihood, all are unchanged—a homemade, forked, wooden plow to scratch the surface of the soil; the clay water jug carried on the head of the bronze-skinned, barefooted, pantalooned girl; the donkey for transportation; the distaff for spinning—a spinning wheel would be a modern invention. There are trails over the mountains with long horse caravans for carrying supplies. Bright blue beads adorn the horses' noses to ward off the Evil Eye. Black stripes are on the men's cream-colored, homespun trousers in mourning for the death of Skanderbeg. Then there is the black jacket with long fringe on the collar and fuzzy pompoms on the shoulders and elbows. The wife is the tailor, and the styles never change. The fez is worn for head-gear, symbol of the Mohammedan religion and designed so that the eyes are never shaded from Allah. Dotting the hills and clinging to the mountains' sides are white mosques, tall, white minarets, and silent, dark green cypress trees guarding the mossy, fez-topped tombs of the dead.

Schools were very few under the Turk. Priests or Hoxhas were the teachers, and with the pupils they sat cross-legged on the floor with only one text book and only one subject, the Koran or Mohammedan Bible.



Albanian "Ford" rescuing American Ford from the mud



Starting the foundation of the Albanian Vocational School



Ndoci Logoreci, eleven years old, youngest student of the school



The woodsmen of Divijaka who supplied timber for the vocational school



Kavaja was once an important town on the ancient Roman road to Byzantium



Leaving for vacation. These boys are real baseball fans



A Roman capital dug up in the vocational school courtyard. Albania was once part of the Roman empire



First load of timber for new vocational school arriving in Tirana over the only railroad in Albania



Albanians saw planks by this ancient method. Their mountains are rich in timber which they will be able to utilize when the vocational school has taught them to use machinery

The Albanian language could not be spoken or written, and yet today every Albanian boy and girl speaks the native language. It was handed down from father to son and mother to daughter in whispers in their bleak mud huts, so that today the Albanians have an unwritten language.

In the year 1912 the Albanian flag was hoisted over the city of Valona and again the independence of Albania was proclaimed. Just ten years later—1922—this independence was fully obtained when foreign armies were withdrawn and the government of Albania was recognized by the United States. This was a day of rejoicing in Albania, and particularly in the vocational school, when the youngest of present-day republics was recognized by the oldest.

A great change is now taking place—a movement for progress, for civilization is going on and a yearning for education is in the heart of every boy and girl. The officers of the new government strive manfully to overcome the spirit of lethargy and harmful customs left by the non-progressive Turk. But it is not an easy matter to change the customs and habits of centuries, and not always do the grown people enter into the new spirit whole-heartedly and with understanding. So it is for the children to make the new Albania, to cultivate the rich fields and plains, to explore the minerals and forests of the mountains, to build roads and bridges, to make clean, comfortable homes, to teach hygiene and the care of babies and mothers and to eradicate the terrible evils of malaria and tuberculosis that each year claim so many victims.

And so, it is to the children of Albania that the Juniors of America have turned with their great help—schools, the dream of every child in Albania. Boys and girls in an elementary school for the first time in the history of the country have well-aired classrooms, games, gymnastics, and theatricals. Last June when the fifth class graduated from this school one little girl was unable to come for her diploma and take part in the exercises, as she had reached the age of twelve years that day. In Albania when a girl is twelve she must

don the black veil that always hides her face and go behind the walls of her home. There she waits for her wedding day which comes soon after, and for the first time she sees the man her father has chosen to be her husband. But this little girl was not to be cheated of her last day of freedom. She cried and pleaded with her father until he gave in and allowed her one more day of liberty. She attended the exercises, received her American diploma and then went home—her life, youth, play, and freedom ended. But even that slight concession on the part of the father is evidence of the breaking down of these old hard-and-fast restrictions and the beginning of a new freedom, when girls may have their faces open to the fresh air and sunlight instead of the black veil or "carcaf" that darkens all the world to them and gives their faces the pale, meek and tragic expression.

But it is the vocational school for boys that is the great immeasurable gift of the Junior Red Cross to Albania. It is in the city of Tirana, the capital, where twelve thousand people live in houses of mud brick, some plastered in white. One story is the average height of buildings. Down the main street march the soldiers of the new army wearing old American army uniforms; gendarmes in blue uniforms and Sam Brown belts; members of Parliament, some in native costumes and others in frock coats; barefooted, ragged children; big, black, water buffaloes, stray cows and flocks of white, woolly sheep. Merchants sit squat-legged on the floors of the tiny shops drinking black Turkish coffee, smoking cigarettes and warming themselves over charcoal braziers; scrawny, spiritless dogs drag themselves along under the bleeding lambs of the butcher shops; the tailor, the baker, the tinware man, the maker of copper and brass, the silversmith, the shoemaker and the magician who rolls out new fezes in colors of brown, white, and green.

Three buildings house the school. They were formerly occupied by rich Beys or Princes and during the war were used as general headquarters of the Austrian and later the Italian armies. The shadow of a neighboring minaret crosses the courtyard of the school where basketball and baseball are played by husky, lively Albanian boys. Clear voices shout, "Bang out a home run, Ndoc," and the referee's whistle in the basketball game is heard, while from the balcony atop the minaret the weird Arabic chant of the Hoxha is heard calling his flock to prayer. In the school it is a different life. From "first call" at 6.30 in the morning to "lights out" at 9.00 p. m., every minute is occupied. Rising, dressing, physical exercises in gym suits made of old Red Cross bandages, bed making and breakfast, then the classes in English, mathematics, history, geography, science, and manual training. Lunch, classes till 4.30, then sports till supper at 6.00. Studies 7.30 to 8.45, with Thursday and Saturday nights free for entertainment.

It is regular American entertainment; yells and school songs, and the old favorites, Old Black Joe, America, and Swanee River. For recitations Kipling's

"If," "Hit the Nail Hard Boys," and "The Children's Hour." Warm nights in the spring and fall a huge fire is made in the courtyard around which the boys sit in their blankets while stories are told and Albanian legends of Nastradin Hoxha, the wandering priest of Albania. If a teacher volunteers a talk the boys usually select as subject, George Washington, New York, Chicago, or the life of an American boy.

These are the boys of the vocational school—Albanian boys all of them, from every section of the country. Some of them come from the mountains where strict laws of honor govern, and where men still kill for honor. If a woman is insulted or mistreated by a man, the men of her family are "in blood" with the family of the insult-er, and the "besa," or truce, is declared only after three or four men of the family have been killed. Sons of mountain chiefs are there and sons of peasants, boys who have guarded great flocks of sheep and goats spread out on the broad plains or high up on the side of a mountain, with only a hand-made flute for company. They have seen the sun rise and the sun set, eating their corn bread and sleeping on their sheepskin capes. Many are from the towns and villages and have known what it is to live on herbs and roots, to be half naked in rags and cold and sick with malaria. When armies have swept over this little country these boys have fled to the mountains with their families and few belongings, and upon returning have found their huts in ruins. Even the Albanian chimneyless cottage, with its single room and earth floor for a bed, shared by the family and the family donkey, a wood fire in a hole in the ground, the black pot hanging over it for the rice, —even this much comfort is not spared by sweeping armies.

The closing exercises of this school were held last June. A stage had been erected by the boys with electric footlights, the power furnished from a Ford engine lighting plant. A proud boy operated the battery curtain bell. The Prime Minister and Cabinet and nearly all of the population of Tirana came to the courtyard of the school to enjoy the program given partly in Albanian and partly in English. The audience was amazed at the progress made and the change noted in these boys. They could not believe that a year of American education could produce such marvelous results.

But it was when the audience had departed that the

best part of the evening came. Each boy in turn ascended the stage and in a few words simply and feelingly bid good-bye to his fellow students. Representing all religions, and all sections of the country, they had for the first time met in the school and were parting, calling each other "brother."

The last boy to speak was a big fellow, robust and hearty who had come to the school thin, undernourished and full of malaria. In excellent voice he described his coming to the school, his introduction to beds, knives and forks, good food, baths, the mysteries of the English language, and his meeting with boys from all over the country. Then he concluded as follows:

"Boys I come from a small house with no windows.

I came to the Big House with windows (the school). I love the Big House with all my heart; but, boys, I love the little house more and I will tell you why—*because that is where my mother is.*"

The Juniors have planted a rareseed in this fertile but hitherto neglected part of the world. Oftentimes I have seen tears come into the eyes of the boys when they were told of the Junior work

and sacrifice that made this school possible. They would always say, "We will repay them, for we, too, will do good to others. We know so well what it means to be without friends, without anything." Nightly in this school there are silent prayers offered up for the Juniors of America, and though some of them are not to the Christian God they are all from the full hearts of brave Albanian boys who know the sad and suffering side of life and who can bear tragedy without a tear.

Here in the Balkan states wars occur very often and peace is never present for long periods. Every boy is fully acquainted with the operation of a rifle and many of them see fighting at an early age. I was therefore quite startled one day when the following took place: In teaching the boys to throw a baseball correctly one of them was unable to hit the mark. I remarked to him, "Lefter (the boy's name), throw it just as straight as a bullet from a rifle." Again he tried but with poor result. I then said, "Lefter, if you were a soldier you would never kill a man with a rifle." Very quickly he turned to me, his eyes showing wide, and very slowly he said, "*I don't want to kill a man—ever.*" I felt quite guilty and the thought flashed to my mind that here was a boy who spoke for a higher civilization than our own and that if every boy in the world was a Lefter Kossova there would be no wars but *Peace and Peace with Honor.*



In the mountains of Albania people are so eager for education that they have started schools in the face of extraordinary difficulties. Mr. Kelly and baseball squad of the Albanian Vocational School



Photo from Ewing Galloway, N.Y.

An aeroplane view of part of San Juan, chief port of Porto Rico, and United States naval station. Porto Rico has an area of 3,606 square miles and is largely agricultural. In 1918 there were 1,724 school buildings and 160,794 pupils

UNCLE JIMMIE IN PORTO RICO

DEAR BETTY AND BILLIE:

Did you ever hear of a ship playing leap frog? Well, that is what this one has been doing for the past three days. After leaving New York it seemed as if the good lady of the sky who is supposed to pick goose feathers from her goose and send them down in snowflakes was very busy, and as soon as we were out on the Atlantic Ocean, the flakes came faster and faster, the waves rolled higher and higher, and the ship had the finest game of leap frog Uncle Jimmie ever saw. It would rise right over a wave, then dip its bow, which looked like a nose, almost even with the water, and then come up again smiling. This morning, however, the waves are very small, the snowflakes are back in New York, the air is warm, and the decks are sunny. This makes us know we are well on our way to that island of the West Indies called Porto Rico. Suppose you get Daddy's Atlas, run your finger down from New York to Porto Rico, look for San Juan, pronounced San Wan, and you will see where Uncle Jimmie expects to land. The Stars and Stripes will be floating there, and that will make Uncle Jimmie feel kind of at home, but as for the country he will have to write you about it in his next letter, for you know he has never seen it.

With love to all, and especially the B.B's, ever,

UNCLE JIMMIE.

On the Steamship.

By Anna Medary

DEAR BETTY AND BILLIE:

Now just close one eye, squint with the other, and think of the prettiest summerland you have ever seen and that will be Porto Rico. Big palms, like green fans on the trees, fluffy clouds like bits of whipped cream in the sky, and lots of beautiful green blue water. And what do you think? Uncle Jimmie has already found two little friends in Porto Rico, Milagra and Delphine. Milagra is the girl and Delphine the boy. They live with their father and mother in the house where Uncle Jimmie is going to stay while he is here on business. They both speak English, but they speak Spanish, too, to their parents, and Spanish sounds so much like nice little tunes of music that Uncle Jimmie hopes you will both learn it some day, for it is very fine to know as many languages as you can. The reason Milagra and Delphine speak Spanish is because Porto Rico used to be a Spanish island, but of course many people speak both English and Spanish.

This has to be a shorter letter than I want to send because here comes Uncle Jimmie's horse, at least the horse Milagra and Delphine's father has given him to ride. The horse's name is Albino, and he has white hair, and pink eyes. No, he doesn't look like a circus horse because he is not as fat and sleek as they are, but he is very nice and has a good single foot gait. Off we go to see how the

grapefruit and oranges are growing. A longer letter next time, ever,

UNCLE JIMMIE.

DEAR BETTY AND BILLIE:

Here is a picture of Milagra and Delphine. We have gotten very well acquainted now. I think it began well. You remember my telling you about Albino in my last letter, and starting off to see the grapefruit and oranges? When Albino brought me safely back there stood Milagra and Delphine with a great big cocoanut; they had had the top sliced off from the outer shell, and they handed it to me so I could drink the cool Coco de Agua, or water of the cocoanut, to refresh me from the hot and dusty ride. After that we all sat on the porch together and I told them about a certain girl and boy in New York. The first thing they asked was, what kind of a house you lived in? You know the houses here don't have any glass in the window panes, for they do not have to shut the cold out, only they do have nice big shutters to bow during the warm hours and at night if necessary. While I was telling about your house I happened to say you had pasted your Red Cross on the window pane last November, and then, they both smiled and ran in the house and brought out their Red Cross buttons. They are real Red Cross Juniors. They know all about how the Juniors in Porto Rico four years ago helped in the earthquake (although of course they were very small then), and they have been out to the mountain camp. They also told about some little friends of theirs who had their teeth fixed by the dentist who came from the Junior Red Cross. Their teeth I must say are very beautiful and strong, and they are going to try and keep them that way, they said. So you see we are good friends now, and in my next letter I am going to tell you more; just now I must hurry this off to catch the mail as the boat sails.

With very best love, from
UNCLE JIMMIE.

DEAR B. AND B.:

Did you hear me laugh? Just as I started to write Delphine came in with a chicken in his arms, a nice brown hen, without a tail. It seems they have some of that kind here, and Milagra and Delphine own twelve. The eggs are small, and Uncle Jimmie must confess to once having eaten three, but everything else is small here; the horses,

the trains, the tracks; and even the people are not large and tall. Milagra and Delphine are both here now and they have been telling me to tell you they are going to have a garden soon and raise vegetables, and they hope to take a prize at one of the fairs for their beans, nice little green string beans. The prizes are awarded by the Junior Red Cross. Did you hear me laugh again. The chicken got away, and we had the greatest time to catch it. It took all three of us. Later, while we were sitting on the porch, two lizards came along the walk, back on, neither one would get out of the way for the other. They bumped and as one pushed the other off it nipped out a piece of its tail. Seems to me they ought to have traffic signs, don't you think so?

Now it is time for dinner. We are going to have some of Milagra's and Delphine's beans. So with my very best love and theirs to you too, I must close. Ever,
UNCLE JIMMIE.

DEAR BETTY AND BILLIE:

This will be my last letter before sailing for home. I'm just as excited as I can be. In my trunk are a whole lot of things I think you will like, some dippers made from gourd shells, some strings of red beads with black eyes, some straw bags and boxes of beautiful shells Milagra and Delphine picked up on the beach just for you. I know I won't be able to stop talking for awhile to tell you about this beautiful summery land, and the children here who are doing so many things like you are in school, and for the Red Cross. Milagra and Delphine have just come in to tell me not to forget, not once to forget to tell you that they expect you to come see them some day, and I told them if they came to New York they must be sure to stop to see you, for Juniors ought to meet Juniors the world over. Until we meet,

UNCLE JIMMIE.

A special Postscript:

This has to go by itself. It was not left out of the letter. But it is to very specially tell you that Milagra and Delphine have asked me to say that they helped roll some red, white, and blue paper of which was made an American flag which was sent by Porto Rican Juniors to the National Convention of the Red Cross in Washington. And now, hurrah for New York! And seeing you very soon. Ever,

UNCLE JIMMIE.



International Newsreel Photo

Porto Rico abounds in tropical fruits, notably pineapples, grapefruit, and oranges

JUNIOR RED CROSS

NEWS

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*Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed.
But blessed are those among nations, who dare to
be strong for the rest.*—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

An Original Explanation The Red Cross emblem is happily explained in a recent issue of School Echoes, an ably edited paper produced by the pupils of The John Burroughs School (Public School 188) of New York. Practically everything in School Echoes is worth echoing, but this in particular:

"The Red Cross flag belongs to every nation in the world. The Red Cross, the emblem of service, is made of five squares. The one in the center unites in love the four others that reach out to the north, south, east, and west. This, as you see, embraces the whole world, and this flag is honored and loved by all the people in the world.

"Our country has two flags—the Stars and Stripes and the Red Cross flag. Our flag stands for 'Freedom' and the Red Cross flag for 'Service.' Over us are these flags side by side. We should honor and love the Red, White, and Blue, and serve under the Red Cross flag."

Exchange of Braille Letters This is the newest development in Junior American Red Cross school correspondence. "To our dear fellow workers beyond the seas," begins a letter in Polish Braille from a school for the blind in Warsaw, Poland, addressed to the Maryland State School for the Blind. "Receive our hearty greetings together with our deepest gratitude for all that has been done for Polish children. Our school is now in full swing and we are studying and working hard. Those of our comrades that have finished their school education are now attending the workshops where some learn all kinds of wicker work, others how to make

brushes. . . . Besides our work and studies, we have pleasant recreations, such as evening lectures, music, and singing lessons, and our daily walks. The younger pupils have been sent to our country home. . . .

"In the meantime, we send you hearty greetings with the hope that the correspondence thus begun . . . may develop into an interesting exchange of thoughts and ideas most profitable to the blind."

The Article About Albania In this issue of the News there is supplied another vivid illustration of the concrete uses of the National Children's Fund of the Junior American Red Cross, and every public, private, and parochial school that contributes to this fund shares in this kind of pioneer educational work, in this friend-making enterprise. In the January News was presented the story of Poland's pressing needs and an account of the primary steps which have been taken to meet them. Now comes the story of picturesque Albania, handicapped by five hundred years of Turkish domination, but now, with new-found independence, struggling to stand erect even as young America did nearly one hundred and fifty years ago.

It is hoped that other rounded-out descriptions of educational projects of the Junior American Red Cross, made possible by the National Children's Fund, may be given from time to time. The point has been raised by not a few educators that the question involved is not, Can my school afford to be represented in this work? but rather, Can my school afford to be left out of this world-wide league of children, by children, for children?

The Junior Red Cross is helping to teach mankind how to live more harmoniously and happily together. As the Albanian article clearly proves, it is overcoming in some degree a sense of fear, distrust, selfishness, envy, passion, and hate, and is inculcating instead a spirit of understanding, confidence, cooperation, self-control, self-denial, and love.

* * *

The truest help we can render to an afflicted man is not to take his burden from him, but to call out his best strength that he may be able to bear the burden—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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Seattle, Wash.—Cosmopolitan Film Ex., 2022 Third Avenue.

BRIGHT BITS IN FIELD REPORTS

ON the occasion of the ceremony attending the turning over of the Junior American Red Cross playground on the Quai au Foin at Brussels, Belgium, to the municipality, an American Junior representative made an address in which she used the following figure of speech:

"If this playground were turned by magic into a great mirror what would you see in it? Thousands of faces! Juniors in the United States all smiling at you and waving their hands in friendly greeting!"

The Junior representative comments that "it was amusing to see how seriously the little Belgians took this suggestion. They turned their heads and gazed wonderingly at the Brussels playground. In fact I am not sure but what in their imaginations they saw those waving hands as if in reality!"

REFUGEE children in frontier villages of Poland, lately returned from Russia, were given their first Christmas celebration in eight years by the Junior American Red Cross. "Santa Clauses" with loaded eight-horse sleighs visited the villages and distributed Christmas boxes which had been filled by American school girls and boys.

WOULD you like to visit the school in Vicenza, Italy, which the Junior American Red Cross has helped to establish?

We start off early in the morning and take a little train up the mountainside to Longara. We ride through vineyards where the grapes are ripening in the sunshine, between long rows of olive trees, flowers, and cypresses and then the train blows its whistle just outside the stucco building which was once a villa but which is now the Casa Materna, (motherly home). The deep blue sky of Italy, the pink stone walls with green foliage falling luxuriously over their sides, the purple grapes and the yellow lemons make a blaze of color in the wonderful sunshine and over all is an atmosphere of peace and security.

A great bell in the belfry announces our arrival. It is hot, sizzling hot, and we are glad to get into the cool shady rooms of the villa where sixty-seven little boys and girls are having their morning meal. Their faces are happy and smile a welcome. Some of the older ones, who have seen the horrors of war, whose parents were killed under the wreckage of their homes, show signs of the strain, but for the most part, they are joyous and cheery and



Threshing in Croatia, Jugo-Slavia. A Junior Red Cross has been organized in Jugo-Slavia with the aid of American Juniors

they only wish to enjoy the peace of their new home.

The whole atmosphere of the place is conducive to healthy minds and bodies. The children have the happy, affectionate, Italian temperament and they are not suppressed. They grow mentally and physically and their affection is returned a hundredfold by Signorina Fogazzaro and the teachers. One of the striking features of this school is the interest that the teachers take in each individual child, and we leave the Casa Materna tremendously glad that here in Italy, as well as in America, children are receiving their chance to become wholesome men and women.

JUNIORS of Jugo-Slavia, the country of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, promise to live up to the following rules of cleanliness which are good for the children of every land:

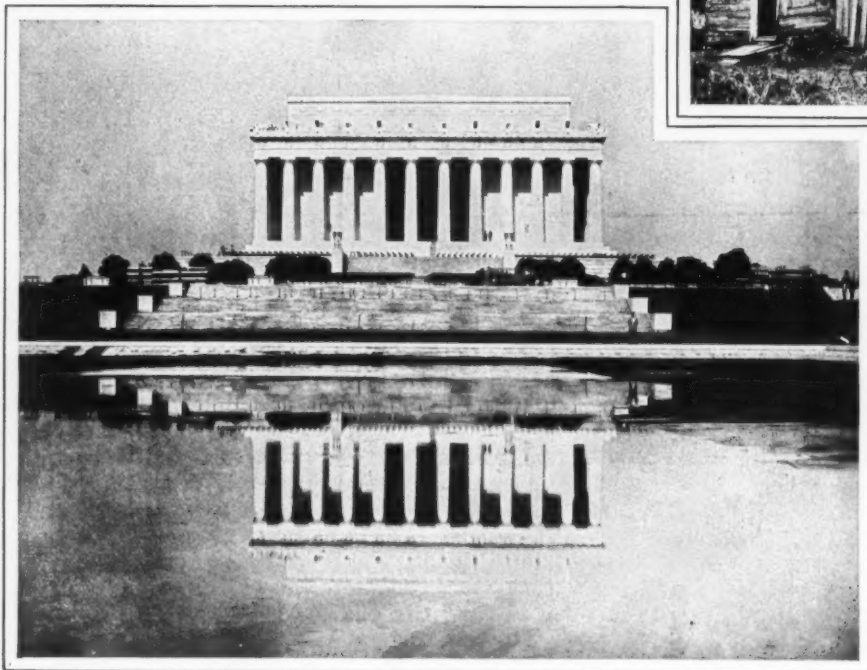
1. To wash my face, neck, ears, and hands, and to clean my nails, every morning.
2. To brush my teeth every morning and night.
3. To wash my hands before each meal.
4. To take a bath at least once a week.
5. To sleep at least nine hours with my windows open.
6. To breathe through my nose and not through my mouth.
7. To keep myself straight whether sitting or standing.
8. To keep myself clean and neat (especially my hair) and also to pay attention to cleanliness at home and at school.
9. Not to put my fingers upon any soiled objects nor into my mouth.
10. Not to spit on the floor or streets, nor to throw papers and other rubbish there.
11. To do at least one kind deed every day.
12. To teach other children, both boys and girls, these rules.



The Punch and Judy show, as seen in Czecho-Slovakia's Junior Magazine

LINCOLN'S EYES

By Franklin K. Lane



© Simmons Photo News



In this tumble-down cabin in Hardin County, Kentucky, Abraham Lincoln was born, February 12, 1809. Compare this shanty with the white-marble Lincoln Memorial on the left. Inside the building is a white-marble sitting statue of Lincoln, over thirty feet high, sculptured by Daniel Chester French. On the north wall is inscribed Lincoln's second inaugural address and on the south wall is the Gettysburg address. Above these inscriptions are allegorical mural paintings by Jules Guerin

I NEVER pass through Chicago without visiting the statue of Lincoln by St. Gaudens and standing before it for a moment uncovered. It is to me all that America is, physically and spiritually. I look at those long arms and long legs, large hands and feet, and I think that they represent the physical strength of this new country, its power and its youthful awkwardness. Then I look up at the head and see qualities which have made the American—the strong chin, the noble brow, those sober and steadfast eyes. They were the eyes of one who saw with sympathy and interpreted with common sense. They were the eyes of earnest idealism limited and checked by the possible and the practicable. They were the eyes of a truly humble spirit, whose ambition was not a love for power but a desire to be supremely useful. They were eyes of compassion and mercy and a deep understanding.

They saw far more than they looked at. They believed in far more than they saw. They loved men not for what they were but for what they might become. They were patient eyes, eyes that could wait and wait and live on in the faith that right would win. They were eyes which challenged the nobler things in men and brought out the hidden largeness. They were humorous eyes that saw things in their true proportions and in their real relationships.

They looked through cant and pretense and the great and little vanities of great and little men. They were the eyes of an unflinching courage and an unfaltering faith rising out of a sincere dependence upon the Master of the Universe. To believe in Lincoln is to learn to look through Lincoln's eyes.

* * *

Abraham Lincoln said he noticed that it was the rafts on the Mississippi River that went down stream, but it took a steamboat to go up.



House at Wakefield, Virginia, where George Washington, first President of the United States, was born February 22, 1732



RED CROSS NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

OCCUPYING a city block in Washington, D. C., set back from the sidewalk and fronted with shrubs and flowers, is an impressive marble building, dedicated to "Mercy" in the name of the women of the Civil War, and used as National Headquarters by the American Red Cross.

Whether against the hot blue skies of August or the gray ones of November, this three-storied white temple, with its stately Corinthian columns, is a pleasing picture to the eyes of those who pass along the boulevard or walk toward it across the greensward of the park opposite.

What is the history of this Red Cross building that stands like a jewel in the long strand of lovely buildings that threads the capital city? It is a pretty story, a romantic story that dates from the Civil War. The idea was born in the mind of a Union soldier, inspired by the tireless work of his wife and other women of the country in behalf of the soldiers, and thereby a "castle in the air was transformed into a castle of marble."

The American Red Cross is "an official volunteer relief association" because it is by law interwoven with the United States Government, and its accounts are audited by the War Department. The President of the United States is President of the American Red Cross and six of the eighteen members of its governing body are appointed by the President, including the Chairman, and a representative from each of the Departments of State, War, Navy, Justice, and Treasury.

And so, being a semi-governmental organization, a

bill was introduced in Congress in 1912 to appropriate \$400,000 for a Red Cross building and site, provided that not less than \$300,000 more be contributed privately. This bill was signed in 1913 by President Wilson and construction began immediately. Not \$300,000, however, but \$400,000 was donated before the corner-stone was laid March 27, 1915,. Almost two years later, February 3, 1917, the Red Cross moved in. Here, too, is the National Headquarters of the Junior American Red Cross.



Atop the gray-marble Capitol of the United States in Washington is a huge bronze figure typifying Freedom. The dome is 287½ feet high. The cornerstone of the central part of the Capitol was laid by President George Washington, September 18, 1793



Manual training classes of Junior-enrolled schools have contributed their handiwork for many worthy purposes at home and abroad

JUNIORS HELP IN MANY WAYS

husked corn, others held socials and entertainments. One school furnished and split kindling for the school wood box and were paid by the Board of Directors for doing it. They have recently been exchanging correspondence with their wards and have received photographs of each of the seven orphans.

Not long ago, Juniors in Chicago, and other parts of Cook County, Illinois, sent messages in the form of ice cream to Juniors at Oak Forest Sanatorium (near Chicago) and arranged an automobile ride for every Oak Forest child. "It was just like a movie," cried one little girl on her return. "A tire blew out and you know in a movie a tire always blows out and then the other people chase them." Despite their seeming handicaps, Oak Forest Juniors pick wild flowers each spring for disabled ex-service men, and write letters to them.

FOUR things have been done by Juniors of New Orleans, Louisiana, to help rid their city of mosquitoes. They have filled or drained puddles, smashed empty tin cans, and picked up empty bottles and placed them upside down in trash receptacles.

The Chicago, Illinois, Red Cross Chapter's quota of 100 comfort kits for soldiers in Santo Domingo and Haiti has been shipped. Fifty of these kits were made by Juniors.

A few months ago Juniors of the sixth grade, Tarkalin School, Duxbury, Massachusetts, prepared letters and sent two little blue dresses to the Girls' Public School in Tirana, Albania. The two dresses were given to the Albanian girls as prizes for the best correspondence in reply to these American Juniors. These girls of the Albanian school are now using as models for their sewing work the little dresses sent by the Tarkalin School Juniors.

Schools of Berkeley, California, enrolled in the Junior American Red Cross, are very active. Boys of the Hillside School are making toys; sixth grade Juniors of the John Muir School are collecting tin foil and old clothing; correspondence with Hawaii is being prepared by the eighth grade of the Burbank School, and Juniors of the Longfellow School are holding an exhibit of plants.

Monticello, Iowa, Juniors wanted JUNIOR RED CROSS News for this school year, and wanted it at once, so they borrowed money to pay for subscriptions. They are now raising the amount of money needed to pay back their small debt from the sale of potatoes which they are cultivating and marketing themselves.

In the Dixon County, Nebraska, Schools forty health ships have been launched. The "ships" are really pictures of vessels rigged for many sails which are hung on the wall. Each sail represents a health chore and every day that that chore is kept by all the Juniors in the room the sail is hoisted. These Juniors take pride in their ships and declare that every day they hope to fly with full sails.

Seven little orphans of Central Europe have found the care, friendship, and "mothering" they need in the hearts of Juniors of Emmet County, Iowa. All last year Juniors of the rural schools supported these orphans with funds raised for the National Children's Fund. Some schools

TO TEACH

To teach
Is not alone to curb
Unruly youths who school disturb—
And make reports, and hand out grades,
And deal with pupils as with shades.

To teach?
It is to reach, to find
The hidden laws of growing mind;
In boy to see the coming man
Then shape him to a splendid plan—
This is to teach!

—Journal of Education.

One of the school principals of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has decided that swimming lessons should be a regular activity at the new swimming pool in her building. This swimming course is to be made a part of Junior Red Cross work.

LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGE

Be Kind to All Creatures

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—William Cowper

Junior Valentines to Hospitals

"Roses are red, violets are blue, but no knife can cut our love in two."

The above sentiment was printed on a perfectly delightful valentine made from scraps of very gay wall paper and sent to the New England Division office of the Red Cross by a Junior in Brunswick, Maine.

In response to an appeal for valentines to send to ex-service men at the various hospitals in New England, "bright red hearts and Cupid's darts" poured in from city, town, and rural schools, last year.

As well as bringing joy to the hearts of convalescent soldiers, seven of the valentines were sent down to Martha's Vineyard, off Cape Cod, to little schools far removed from active centers, schools where the children had recently joined the Junior Red Cross. Imagine their delight when the newly enrolled members received these greetings from "veteran Juniors."

One of the valentines sent to a Martha's Vineyard school showed a man made of a clothes-pin, his features very cleverly drawn, and a pink bow tied beneath his chin. On the card to which he was attached was the following inscription:

"This little man is made of wood,
And all his habits are so good,
He never stays out late at night,
He never quarrels,
He never fights,
And all his good traits will surely be thine,
If you will be his Valentine."

THE WAY OF VALENTINES

By ANNA MEDARY

I sent a pretty Valentine,
'Twas white, and gold, and red;
"I hope you'll be my Valentine,"
The words upon it said.

I got a pretty Valentine,
'Twas made of paper lace,
And as I peeped beneath its folds,
I saw a smiling face.

All day I've tried, and tried, to guess,
And guess, who could it be,
Who'd think to send a Valentine,
Directed here to me?

And some one else is guessing, too,
For I just heard her say,
"I wonder who played Valentine,
And thought of ME today?"



Drawing by Anna Milo Upjohn

Sketch from life of a little Greek refugee made by the American Junior's artist. Juniors are making garments and layettes for Greek children and babies who have been driven out of Asia Minor by the Turks

Where I Like to Play

By a Twelve-year-old Boy of Rethel, France

Would you like to know where I can best play? It will be hard for me to tell you all the places. However, there is one place where my hours of leisure pass away easily.

It is on a hillside, a ground organized for play by the Junior American Red Cross. This ground, fenced with barbed wire, is located behind the town, almost in the country.

To go there, one walks under a hedge where the coolness is very agreeable. After the hedge a row of poplars offers a little shade. Birds of various hues give brightness to this dreary place. Then one reaches a fence and above the door of the playground float a tricolored flag and a Stars and Stripes flag, symbolizing the friendship of the two countries.

In stepping in, one sees the tents, the swings, the giant strides, the football goals, the jumping posts, the basket-ball, and, farther on, the net-ball courts.

We can organize two teams with a few comrades. The ball is kicked by all, sometimes with screams of happiness. When it rains or when it is too warm, one can play in the barrack or read books.

I have chosen this place, because the games are not too violent and because we receive devoted attention.

Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.—Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.

The Editor's Letter to You!

DEAR JUNIORS:

The Director of the Albanian Vocational School, established by the Junior American Red Cross at Tirana, the capital of the tiny mountain country of Albania but lately freed from Turkey, writes:

"What would you do with boys who get up at midnight, at two or three o'clock in the morning and slip books out of the office library because they know that the morrow will bring such keen competition that they stand one chance in forty of getting a look at the book? What would you do with boys who are to be found at ten o'clock at night and at eleven o'clock at night studying in the closet of an instructor's room while he searches all over two buildings for the missing occupants of beds?"

Recently the director of this almost ideal educational project, which is carried on through the operation of the National Children's Fund, tried a bit of self-government—of student government—in which the 100 boys in the school, representing various tribes and religions, were given practical management of the school. What do you think was one of the first recommendations of the student council? *Additional time for evening study!*

In an announcement of an election of a student council issued for the Chief Master, and signed by three of the boys, Sami Ahmet, Hajredin Muhaxhiri, and Vlash Dushniku, occurred the following advice:

"A good citizen is one who can keep his own house in order. He is one who can control his thoughts and his nation's. A good citizen is one who lives with his fellows, asking less for himself than he is willing to give to others. A good citizen gives more of happiness than he takes.

"Good citizens work together for things that they know are good. They select leaders whom they are willing to follow. All cannot be leaders. Always there are followers who must do their share. A leader can do nothing without the help of those whom he leads.

"Our school must train good citizens, good leaders, and good followers. Only in that way can it ever become a great school. We are citizens of the school; tomorrow we will be citizens of the country, with all the duties that good citizens of the country must perform. To become good citizens of the country we must begin by being good citizens of the school.

"We must be able to keep our house in order, to select our own leaders, and to do with a will all things that are to be done for the well-being of the school. We must learn to accept duties and to carry responsi-

bilities. We must learn to talk less and to do more."

This appeal for good citizenship and careful voting for members of the student's council ends with a request that the student voters try to vote "for the boy whom you think is able to help the school the most and not for the boy whom you may like the most."

An American traveler, recently returned to the United States, voluntarily wrote to the Chairman of the American Red Cross Central Committee in Washington, that he had visited the Albanian Vocational School in Tirana, and that he was deeply interested "to find boys honestly more than liking the school and doing their utmost in their work." He said it was

bringing them out of very rough conditions, and that "the manual training in these conditions is of course beyond all praise."

This information is due every Junior American Red Cross school in the United States and the insular territories, for through these schools the National Children's Fund is made possible. This fund is mainly raised through the co-operation of teachers and Juniors in giving plays and pageants, by holding sales and bazaars of various kinds, and by individual self-denial of the "movies," sweets, and other luxuries, resulting in personal contributions to the fund.

Juniors are spared the details of much of the man-made misery which abounds in certain quarters of the earth, but may know that every particle of educational assistance that your organization is giving, from the Polish-Russian frontier in the north to the

islands of Greece in the south, is considered important and is part of a great children's crusade that is making for the brotherhood of man and for world peace.

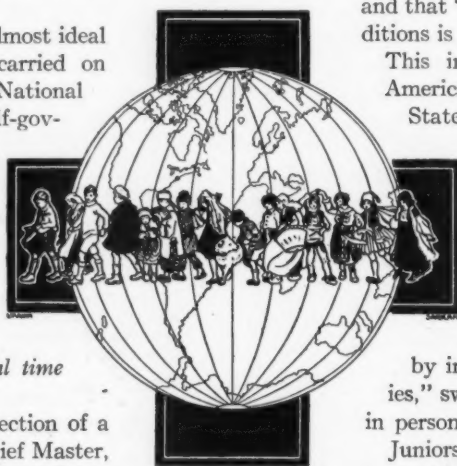
Under the title, "The League of Love in Action," Edwin Markham, the American poet, writes:

O League of Kindness, woven in all lands,
You bring Love's tender mercies in your hands;
Above all flags you lift the conquering sign,
And hold invincible Love's battle line.

O League of Kindness, in your far-flung bands,
You weave a chain that reaches to God's hands;
And where blind guns are plotting for the grave,
Yours are the lips that cheer, the arms that save.

O League of Kindness, in your flag we see
A foregleam of the brotherhood to be
In ages when the agonies are done,
When all will love and all will lift as one.

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM.



The Junior March Around the World! An adaptation of drawings taken from the Czecho-Slovakian and the American Junior Red Cross magazines, as published by the Canadian Junior Red Cross

